THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 24, 1804.

Comparison of the general Powers of Ships of War and Gun Boats, intended to prove, that one Ship is more than equal to any Flotilla of Boats, mounting the same or even a greater Number of Guns.

[From an Answer to Mr. Pitt's Attack upon Earl St. Vincent and the Admiralty, in his Motion for an Enquiry into the State of the Naval Defence of the Country, on the 15th of March, 1804.]

THERE is a variety of circumstances tending to prove the truth of this proposition; and each of them of so forcible a nature, that the enumeration of very few is sufficient at once to determine the point.

The first striking disadvantage attaching to boats in action with a single ship, results immediately from the very manner in which the fight must be begun; and we shall show that, let the mode be varied as it may, the result must be the same.

Suppose, then, the boats to advance in line (as the word is used in a military sense) against the broadside of a ship of war —While they are advancing, she can approach either flank of this line, so as to pour her whole concentrated fire upon it, at the same time that by this very manœuvre she recedes from the point blank shot of the other flank, and indeed from that of at least one half of the line.—She however carries *all* her fire *wherever* she goes; and yet, whether she move to the centre or to either flank of the line, she gets out of the point blank range of the greater part of the enemy's guns.

Thus to advance in line gives the ship at once a decided superiority.—Suppose the boats therefore making the attempt to *surround* their opponent as they approach, that all may have a chance of getting within range of her—And what is the consequence? It

is this,—that the ſhip, having thereby a circle of objects to fire at, formed completely round her, can ſcarcely direct a ſhot in vain; while the boats are cannonading, as it were, a target in the centre; and, if they miſs this target, (which we ſhall ſee hereafter they will at leaſt nine times out of ten), woe be to ſome of their comrade boats forming the oppoſite ſegments of this devoted circle!

This ſyſtem of attack, therefore, is as bad as, or even worſe than the firſt. And can they, then, advance double, treble, or in a deeper phalanx, without increaſing their inferiority? Or, can they come on ſingly, one after the other, without loſing all their own force, and enabling the ſhip with greater eaſe to enfilade and deſtroy them? In ſhort, it is impoſſible to deviſe any mode by which the ſame number of guns, mounted in ſeparate boats, can be employed with the moſt diſtant chance of ſucceſs, againſt a line of battle ſhip, or a frigate, mounting the ſame, or even half the quantity of cannon.*

But this is not all.—The decided inferiority of boats is not alone confined to the impoſſibility of forming a good ſcheme of battle; it lies even more deeply rooted in the inability of uſing *the guns themſelves* properly: for, though a ſhip of war would be almoſt as ſteady as a land battery in a moderate ſwell, very little of it would be ſufficient ſo to roll and pitch about one of theſe boaſted gun-boats (which, according to all the French accounts, and, we are ſorry to add, the accounts of ſome degenerate Engliſhmen, are to deſtroy the Britiſh navy), as utterly to prevent the poſſibility of any aim whatever: nay, ſhould this ſwell be a little more increaſed, the only manœuvre left theſe *heroes of the gun boat* would be, to *throw their gun overboard*, that it might not aſſiſt the ſhot of their enemy in ſending them to the bottom.

Yet, under all theſe circumſtances, the ſhip of war neither loſes her aim nor relaxes her fire, although the main deck guns of a frigate, and the lower deck guns of a line of battle ſhip, lie almoſt as much a *fleur d'eau* as the guns of theſe boats, and therefore ſweep along the ſurface with equal effect againſt low objects. In this, however, alone, it is that, at firſt ſight, the latter appear to have the ſmalleſt ſhadow of advantage.

And yet this is not all—if the ſhip has the advantage in the uſe of the guns, what has ſhe not in *their comparative effects?* The probability is, that every ſhot from the lower ports of a line

" * It may be contended, theſe boats are not intended to fight! Why then are they armed? Becauſe Bonaparte is not fool enough to ſuppoſe they can croſs the Channel without engaging even with SHIPS OF THE LINE; and the conviction of the fearful inequality of this conteſt probably formed in his mind a large ſlice of his odds of ninety-nine to a hundred."

line of battle ſhip, fairly taking effect in ſuch a conflict, would ſend one of her opponents to the bottom—From this, therefore, combined with her great advantage in taking aim, and in the extent of objects to be fired at, we ſee good reaſon to conclude that, if the boats were hardy enough to maintain the conteſt, they would ſoon *diſappear*, one after the other, while not all the ſhot they could carry would make any ſerious impreſſion on the ſides of a ſhip of war.

If, after this, any man wants facts in ſupport of the argument, let him be told, that the Alexander, laſt war, was engaged in as hot action, on both ſides, with a flotilla of Spaniſh gun-boats, as if ſhe had been in the ſevereſt general engagement;—and that ſhe ſoon made an end of the buſineſs, without receiving *one ſingle ſhot* from them in any part of her hull.

Such then is the ſuperiority which the Britiſh ſyſtem of defence poſſeſſes over the Gallic project of attack: yet for this has calumny and abuſe been heaped on the man whoſe whole life has been ſpent in adding to the glory of the Britiſh navy, and who has now the reſolution to defend its ſuperiority againſt all who may think proper to attack it, either at home or abroad!

ROSA.—A TALE.

WHEN the foundation and progreſs of a ſtory is intereſting to the fineſt feelings of the human heart, there requires but little apology for introducing it to the public eye. The following tale is fraught with ſome of thoſe melancholy events, in the cauſe and conſequences of which we are all, more or leſs, concerned.

What afflicts you, my good man? ſaid I—Alas, Sir! have you ſeen my child?—The perſon who thus anſwered me, was a poor blind man, ſeated on the trunk of a hollow tree, at the foot of which iſſued a ſilver ſpring; his bald forehead, robbed of its honours by the iron hand of time—his patched wallet, unconſcious of the bounties of Ceres—the beechen ſtaff, on which he reſted his debilitated arm—his body that ſeemed fainting under the preſſure of extreme hunger—his ſightleſs eyes, and tremulous voice, altogether ſtruck me with a kind of reverential horror—I looked once more upon the object which had ſo rivetted my amazement, and thought that providence had deſerted one of her weakeſt children. The limpid ſtream that bubbled at his feet, murmured hoarſely in uniſon with the language of diſtreſs, as if ſenſible of his accumulated ſorrow.

I got off my horſe—I pray you inform me, my poor old man, have you no one to conduct you to a roof where plenty might gather joy, by wiping the tear of miſery from your furrowed cheek? No one, anſwered he, feebly raiſing his ſnow-white

head;—he pronounced these last words in a tone which made me think, for a moment, that humanity had abandoned the world.—What, not one, my old friend?—Alas! Sir, my wife and eight children all have deserted me. I am poor, old, and blind; yet I must forgive them: but my daughter, O, my daughter! repeated he, with a deep sigh, that seemed to have escaped from the inmost recesses of his heart. Are you speaking of a favourite child, my old man? Ah! good Sir! she is more than a child; she is my friend!—It was she, whom of all my children, I neglected when the rays of prosperity gladdened my younger days; and now, when I am fallen into the vale of years, and laden with horror, she is the only one who will administer comfort to my miseries! When did she leave you?—Yesterday, Sir, for the first time. You have not surely been unhappy from your youth? you could not have arrived at so advanced an age, if the visitations of sorrow had been continual.

The poor man sighed, and gave me his history in a few words:—I had laboured forty years to amass a few hundred crowns by the sweat of my brow, which I suddenly lost by the person becoming a bankrupt in whose hands I had entrusted my little capital; the pressure of a misfortune, so serious and unexpected, was infinitely too powerful to be resisted by so weak a philosopher as me, even the force of christianity failed to alleviate the sting of woe. For these ten years past my being has been comfortless, (said the poor old man, pointing to the place where his eyes once were)—for these ten years I have been praying for my dissolution; many miserable wretches, who are doomed to wander through the darksome caverns of affliction, have hope at least to strengthen them upon their journey; but my expectations of mortal bliss are over.

You must not lose sight of hope, my good old man; it is possible you may yet be happy.—Happy! Ah, dear Sir, circumstanced as I am, even to expect such an event, were presumption.—You are not certain, my poor friend, but assistance may be near you, in the moments of your complaining. Assistance! I prithee, Sir, mock not my misfortunes; can the power of kings give me a ray of light? This answer struck me so forcibly, that I immediately turned towards the sun, and could not help uttering a silent prayer of gratitude to the Deity, that I was in possession of so invaluable a gift.

He remained silent for a moment, resting his hands upon his staff, and bending his palsied head towards the earth, which seemed, in the melancholy state of my understanding at that period, to call him to her bosom; then issuing a woe-fraught sigh, exclaimed, Oh, my daughter! my dear child; but for her goodness I should long since have ceased to exist: when I determine to suppress my being, and die by the slow ministry of hunger—the poor child cries—embraces my nerveless knees—calls me

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her father—her dear, her honoured father—in a tone of ſupplication ſo perſuaſive and ſo tender, that the influence of deſperation yields to the intreaties of an angel: and yet ſhe does not return! Ah, Roſa! wilt thou leave me here to periſh, without the conſolation of a laſt embrace, without the rapture of beſtowing my final bleſſing on my child?—O, my God, doſt thou then abandon me!

The awful manner in which he uttered theſe words, chilled the very pulſes of my heart. I lifted my ſtreaming eyes to heaven, and murmured involuntarily, God of nature, is it poſſible thou canſt have abandoned him?—The poor man thanked me, and I retired, laden with anguiſh.

I had wandered ſome diſtance from the miſerable man, when I perceived his daughter; I ran to announce the diſcovery to her father—I would not have exchanged the commiſſion to have been ſovereign of the world. His greedy ear drank the intelligence with rapture, and the good old man was cheered once more with a moment of joy—his daughter arrived out of breath; ſhe had been far away begging charity for her unhappy father. I looked at the amiable Roſa with unutterable delight—I thought her countenance was more than human—ſhe uttered the ſentiments of filial piety in ſo graceful a manner, that pity, admiration, and reſpect, at once uſurped the government of my boſom.

I felt a delicious emotion in perceiving with what undeſcribable tenderneſs the poor old man and his daughter embraced each other——Oh Rouſſeau, oh Yorick! if ſuch a ſcene were to paſs near your tombs, would you not burſt from the cold monuments of death to celebrate the virtues of the exemplary Roſa?

Is it thee, my deareſt Roſa? is it thee?——ſaid the aged father, ſtretching out his withered hands, which ſeemed to ſeek the fond object of his regard with ſympathetic agency——Where art thou Roſa?—let me preſs thee to my panting heart. You tarried ſo long, that I almoſt began to think you had forſaken me. Roſa inſtantly kiſſed the trembling forehead of her parent, and wetted his ſilver locks with the tears of affection.

I knew my dear child—I well knew that thou wouldeſt return—come near me, that I may kiſs thee once more. You will never deſert this old man again, Roſa, but watch by his ſide, to ſoften the pangs of affliction. Ah, Sir, replied the lovely girl, do you not know—What, Roſa?—That he is—my father!——What a ſentiment is this!—Could volumes expreſs more? Genuine affection expreſſes itſelf in few, the appearance, without the reality, in many words.

A Geographical, Hiſtorical, and Political View of the Iſland of St. Domingo.

(Continued from Page 228.)

THE tyranny exerciſed on theſe people by the king's lieutenants and other officers was of the baſeſt kind. They were forbidden to hold any public place or truſt, however inſignificant. Now, as many in this claſs had received a good education, and yet were not allowed to exerciſe any of thoſe profeſſions to which it might be thought neceſſary and uſeful, we need not wonder that ſuch perſons wiſhed for a change, and were ready to join in effecting it. A mulatto could neither be a prieſt, a lawyer, a phyſician, a ſurgeon, nor an apothecary: no, not even a ſchoolmaſter. Nor did the *taint* in the blood end in the third generation, as in the Britiſh iſlands: it was incurable to the lateſt poſterity. To mark ſtill ſtronger this indelible diſgrace, the law declared, that if a freeman of colour preſumed to ſtrike a white perſon, of whatever diſtinction, his right hand ſhould be cut off; while a ſimilar aſſault, committed by a white man on a free mulatto, was followed only by the payment of a ſmall fine; though it rarely occurred that a free mulatto, or any other man of colour, ever ventured to become a proſecutor.

Some of the above hardſhips and diſqualifications are peculiar to the French iſlands, otherwiſe Mr. Edwards thinks that the general treatment of the ſlaves in them is neither better nor worſe than in thoſe of Great Britain. If there were any difference, he obſerves that they are better clothed among the French, and allowed more animal food among the Engliſh.

Such was the treatment of the free mulattoes in St. Domingo when the contradictory decrees of the legiſlature of the mother country were publiſhed in the French Weſt India iſlands. The *amis des noirs* (friends of the blacks) in Paris, ſeeing the republicans gaining ſtrength every day, joined their intereſt with them and the main body of informers; and, going beyond the views of the ſociety in London, which were only to obtain an act for prohibiting the further introduction of ſlaves into the Britiſh colonies, they called at once for a general and immediate abolition not only of the ſlave trade, but alſo of the ſlavery which it maintained. The rich coloniſts, who were deputed to oppoſe ſuch meaſures, ſpoke in vain of the danger of giving way to abſtract reaſoning, rather than judging by the actual condition of human nature, and not diſtinguiſhing between civilized and uncivilized life. They were told by the other party, that it ill became them to claim freedom for themſelves, and withhold it at the ſame time from their fellow men. Thus, as we have before obſerved, the declaration of rights, publiſhed the 20th of Auguſt, 1789,

laid the foundation for a revolution unparalleled in hiſtory for its effect.

The ſeeds of civil war may be ſaid to have been ſown at this moment.—Such of the whites as took part in favour of the people of colour were perſecuted by the provincial aſſemblies. Monſ. Dubois, deputy procureur-general, having declaimed publicly againſt ſlavery, was arreſted, and narrowly eſcaped with his life; the governor interpoſing, preſerved him from deſtruction; but he was baniſhed the country. A Monſ. Ferrand de Beaudierre, a magiſtrate at Petit Goave, being enamoured of a woman of colour, offered her marriage; and this proceeding, added to his being the author of a memorial to the parochial committee, claiming the benefit of the declaration of rights for the people of colour, drew upon him the perſecution of that committee, who accuſed him of having proclaimed a ſummons to the negroes for a general revolt. His perſon was ſeized, and he was committed to priſon; but the furious abettors of ſlavery dragged him thence, and, in ſpite of the efforts of ſome of the magiſtrates and municipality, he was cruelly murdered.

Into this diſordered ſtate, had the colony fallen, when the national aſſembly publiſhed its counter-declaration, that "it would not cauſe any innovation to be made, directly or indirectly, in any ſyſtem of commerce in which the colonies were already engaged." If the firſt declaration inſpired the people of colour with hope, this filled their breaſts with rage. The declaration concerning commerce was interpreted into a tacit ſanction of the ſlave trade, and therefore the philanthropic ſocieties in Paris, as well as thoſe in the colonies, loudly condemned the meaſure as one of cruelty, cowardice, and bad policy. Nothing could be more juſt than this definition of it, for it fomented the quarrel between the intereſted parties, and, by leaving the adjuſtment of the colonial conſtitution to the coloniſts themſelves (which was done by the decree to which the declaration was annexed), the coloniſts conſidered themſelves as diſcharged from their allegiance, and no longer ſubject to the French empire.

That this conſideration was not a mere ſpeculative point, but in the end followed up by the principal inhabitants of the colony, there is the fulleſt proof on record. Even before a declaration of war with Great Britain had taken place, they made application to the miniſters of St. James's, requeſting that an army might be ſent to St. Domingo, affirming that all claſſes would ſubmit to it. This, however, is one of the inſtances in which the too ardent zeal of one party falls into miſtakes and abſurdities, and is an example of the blameable credulity of our miniſters. A Monſieur Charmilly, one of the wealthieſt planters of St. Domingo, it will be found, did actually negotiate with General Williamſon; and the bitter fruits of that negociation we

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ſhall not fail to taſte of for ſome time. But this is anticipating the order of our hiſtory.

The general aſſembly of St. Domingo met at St. Marc, and concurred in opinion with its preſident, that it was neceſſary to relieve the people of colour from the hardſhips to which they were expoſed by military juriſdiction; but in this, as in many other inſtances where reform is obtained by force, it began too late to pacify thoſe who had long called in vain for it.—Monſieur Peynier was the governor-general at this time, and under him the partizans of the ancient deſpotiſm began to rally from the panic into which ſo great and ſudden a revolution had thrown them. It was oppoſite to their wiſhes that the general aſſembly ſhould correct any of the abuſes of the government, whether military, judicial, or fiſcal; and they were encouraged in their pertinacious reſiſtance to reform by the whole body of tax gatherers—a hoſt which are never effectually reaſoned with, till their perſons are diſcovered to be in danger.

It is ſaid by thoſe who were well acquainted with the ſtate of the colony at the time, that the peace of it might have been preſerved by the reformation which the general aſſembly was operating, and by the conſtitution it ſoon after decreed, if the governor, and the Chevalier Mauduit, whom we mentioned in a former number to have been put to death by the ſoldiery, had not ſtirred up a diſſention among the planters. The old Machiavelian principle, "*divide et impera*," was reſorted to by Monſier Manduit, and he had an entire aſcendency over the governor. The chevalier had not arrived from France direct, but had taken the circuit by Turin, where he had ſpent ſome time with the Count d'Artois, to whoſe intereſt and fortune he was greatly attached, and whoſe high court-notions he had copiouſly imbibed; he, therefore, during the ſhort time of his influence and power, accelerated the approach of a civil war.

Now though, by the intrigue of the governor and his aſſociate, the provincial aſſemblies (and eſpecially that of the north) counteracted the proceedings of the general colonial aſſembly, the latter brought one part of their labours to a concluſion before they broke up the ſeſſion. They iſſued the famous decree which contained the new conſtitution, and which was made the oſtenſible motive on the part of the executive power for commencing hoſtilities. It conſiſted of ten fundamental points, preceded by a preamble, wherein it ſtated, as an acknowledged principle in the French conſtitution, that the right in the crown to confirm the acts of the legiſlature is a prerogative inherent and incommunicable: of courſe, that it cannot be delegated to a colonial governor, whoſe authority is precarious and ſubordinate. The ſentiment contained in this introductory diſcourſe was quite ſufficient to deſtroy all confidence between the go-

vernor, whoever he might be, and the repreſentatives of the people.

It is not thought neceſſary to give the articles at length in this brief ſketch: it is ſufficient to obſerve, that ſome of them were irreconcileable to the principles of colonial ſubordination. Not to allow a negative voice to the repreſentative of the king, is repugnant to all notions inculcated by a monarchical government: and the declaration in one of the articles, that "no decree of the national aſſembly, concerning the exterior regulations of the colony, ſhould be binding, until confirmed by the colonial aſſembly," was an aſſumption of imperial authority, in a dependant part of an empire. This proceeding ſeemed to confirm all that had been ſuggeſted of the diſpoſition of the colony of St. Domingo to follow the example of the Britiſh colonies.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

CRIM. CON.

The Reverend CHARLES MASSY *verſus* the MARQUIS of HEADFORT.

THIS trial came on at Ennis, in the county of Clare, on the 27th of July, 1804, before the Hon. Baron Smith, and a ſpecial jury, on an action for damages, brought by the plaintiff againſt the defendant, for criminal converſation with plaintiff's wife. Damages laid at 40,000l.

The plaintiff, the Rev. Charles Maſſy, is the ſecond ſon of a gentleman of high diſtinction in this county, who has been more than once called to the repreſentation of it, by a free and honourable election; and not only ſo deſcended, but is a perſon of liberal education, a member of one of the learned profeſſions, in the prime of life; a man, not only of inoffenſive manners, and of innocent life, but a man whoſe virtues correſpond with his ſituation in ſociety, and adorn the profeſſion he has adopted. In the year 1796, Mr. Maſſy became attached to Miſs Roſslewin. Mr. Maſſy being a ſecond ſon, and not independent of the bounty of his father, poſſeſſed then a living but of 800l. a year. Sir Hugh Maſſy, his father, diſapproved a match which had not fortune to ſupport the claim of beauty, and had therefore propoſed one with a young lady of a neighbouring county, which, he conceived, in point of fortune and of connection, far more eligible, and on that occaſion had offered to ſettle on his ſon, the plaintiff, 1100l. a year, in landed property, together with the young lady's fortune; but, declining the hand of an amiable and accompliſhed lady, refuſing an ample and inde-

pendent eſtabliſhment, with the additional enjoyment of parental bounty and approbation, and foregoing all theſe advantages, Mr. Maſſy proved the ſincerity and purity of his attachment, by a ſacrifice of fortune to affection, and married Miſs Roſslewin, in March, 1796; and the happineſs of the young couple, for eight ſucceeding years, not only ſeemed to be, but really was, unmixed and unabating, he loving with conſtant and manly ardour, ſhe with chaſte and equal affection; and during the interval, Heaven had bleſſed their union with a boy, the bond and cement of their preſent happineſs, the pledge and promiſe of future multiplied felicities. Then, at this period, Mr. and Mrs. Maſſy exhibited ſuch an example of domeſtic contentment and ſatisfaction to their neighbours, their relatives, and their friends, as to convince them that the ſacrifices he made were not too great; that her grateful and affectionate returns, to a conduct ſo nobly liberal, and diſintereſtedly affectionate, were not too little: guilt and treachery had not yet made their way into the abode of peace and innocence; all was quiet, tranquil, and happy, till, to the misfortune of this couple, and of this county, the marquis of Headfort made his appearance at Limerick. Mr. Maſſy happened to have had ſome years ſince a living in the county of Meath, where Lady Bective, the mother of the marquis of Headfort, was a principal pariſhioner, and from whom, during his reſidence in the pariſh, Mr. Maſſy received much polite and hoſpitable attention; from this circumſtance of his acquaintance with her, Mr. Maſſy waited on her ſon, on his arrival at Limerick, invited him to his houſe, and ſtrained his narrow means to give the ſon of Lady Bective every proof of his ſenſe of her former attentions and politeneſs; but, whilſt indulging the hoſpitable ſpirit of our country, little did Mr. Maſſy think he was introducing into his houſe the man who could conceive the blackeſt and baſeſt deſigns againſt his peace and honour; that this ſtranger, ſo hoſpitably received, and affectionately cheriſhed, was to pour poiſon into his peace, and make him a wretch; for no reaſonable man could ſuppoſe that Lord Headfort, at his time, would ever diſturb the peace of any family—his age (for he is above fifty), his figure, his face, made ſuch a ſuppoſition not only improbable, but almoſt ridiculous; yet, ſo it happened, this hoary veteran, in whom, like Ætna, the ſnow above did not quench the flames below, looked at Mrs. Maſſy, and marked her for ruin. And nothing more beautiful could he behold, and nothing upon whom it was more unlikely that ſuch a venerable perſonage as his lordſhip could have made an improper impreſſion. Lord Headfort ſpent four days at Summer-hill, on his firſt viſit, and was introduced by Mr. Maſſy to the gentlemen of the firſt rank and conſideration in the county; the biſhop of Limerick, brother-in-law to Mr. Maſſy, and every other gentleman and nobleman in the neighbourhood.

bourhood. I need not, in this moſt hoſpitable part of Ireland, mention to you the conſequence. Lord Headfort was received, entertained, and cheriſhed, by the friends and relatives of Mr. Maſſy. Whilſt Mr. Maſſy was endeavouring, by every polite and hoſpitable attention in his power, to render his temporary ſtay in this country, not unpleaſant to him, ſome anonymous letters firſt created in the breaſt of plaintiff, not ſuſpicion, but conveyed an intimation, that the marquis of Headfort was too attentive to Mrs. Maſſy. Too confident in the virtue of his wife, too generous to credit information ſo conveyed, and yet too prudent wholly to overlook or diſregard it, Mr. Maſſy prohibited his wife's viſits to Limerick; and this was followed up, by intimating to Lord Headfort, that his lordſhip's viſits would be diſpenſed with at Summer-hill, his (Mr. Maſſy's) place of reſidence. Lord Headfort's viſits were diſcontinued. His lordſhip promiſed not to repeat them.

The unaffected livelineſs and ſimplicity of her manners, the decency of her deportment, her endearing attentions to him and her child, left not the ſhadow of ſuſpicion on the mind of Mr. Maſſy, that ſhe could in any wiſe forget her ſex, her ſituation, or her duty, much leſs that ſhe could run into the coarſe toils ſpread for her by Lord Headfort. It will ſhock and appal you, gentlemen, to hear the time and occaſion which Lord Headfort ſelected for the final accompliſhment of his deſigns upon the honour of this unfortunate woman, and the happineſs of his hoſt and his friend. The day was Sunday, the hour the time of divine ſervice; yes, gentlemen, on that day, and on that hour, ſet apart for the ſervice of our Creator, whilſt the reverend rector was bending before the altar of his God, invoking bleſſings, not only on his flock there aſſembled, but on the heads of the unfeeling and profligate deſtroyers of his comfort and honour: on ſuch a day, at ſuch an hour, upon ſuch an occaſion, did the noble marquis think proper to commit this honourable breach of hoſpitable faith, this high-minded violation of the little laws of your diminutive country, this contempt I would almoſt call it, this defiance of the Almighty himſelf!

I have to ſtate, what will be proved, that on Sunday, and at this hour, Marquis Headfort took off Mrs. Maſſy from her huſband's houſe at Summer-hill; they croſſed the Shannon in a boat, got into a chaiſe in waiting for them on the road, and from thence poſted to Pallas, eighteen or nineteen miles only from Summer-hill; there he and Mrs. Maſſy, heedleſs of the miſery and diſtraction of her unhappy huſband, remained in the ſame room the whole of Sunday night:—the noble peer did not fly—no—he made ſhort and eaſy ſtages—not fearful of purſuit, not as a criminal endeavouring to effect his eſcape, but as a conqueror parading ſlowly through the country, and quietly enjoying the glory and honour of his triumph. What was his triumph?

The diſtraction of the friend he maddened with agony, the pollution of a till then ſpotleſs and innocent woman. From Pallas his lordſhip purſued his route to Clonmell, and there reſted a night. from thence to Waterford, then to England; where, I truſt, he will ever remain; becauſe, I am ſatisfied, that no advantage to be derived to the country, from the moſt ample fortune expended here, could countervail the miſchiefs that muſt flow from the application of enormous wealth to extravagant vices, and the example of ſuch prodigal profligacy amongſt us.

The firſt witneſs called, was the Rev. Dr. Parker, who proved the marriage of the plaintiff with Mary Anne Roſslewin, his wife, in 1796. Mr. Maſſy was then about 23, the lady 18, lively, intereſting, and beautiful.

John Stackpoole, Eſq. ſaid, he is the uncle to the plaintiff, and alſo uncle to his wife. Plaintiff is the ſecond ſon of Sir Hugh Dillon Maſſy, of Donaſs, in the county of Clare, and poſſeſſed of two livings, of about 1000l. a-year. The lady being the youngeſt of many ſiſters, her fortune was only about 200l. Sir Hugh Maſſy, the father of the plaintiff, poſſeſſes an eſtate of 5000l. a-year. Plaintiff has an elder brother, married, who has only one child, a daughter. Plaintiff has one ſon by his wife. His marriage with Miſs Roſslewin was a love match. They were a very fond and affectionate couple.

Patrick Dunn, ſervant to the plaintiff, ſaw the defendant at Donaſs, the time he took Mrs. Maſſy away. It was about one o'clock on a Sunday, after Chriſtmas, when Mr. Maſſy was at church. She came to the defendant, into the drawing-room, and deſired witneſs to go to her room, and wait for her there. Witneſs went, and Mrs. Maſſy came to him, and aſked him to carry a bundle and a dreſſing box for her, which he did. The defendant was in the drawing room at the time, with a piſtol in his boſom, the ſtock of which was ſticking out. Defendant handed Mrs. Maſſy down ſtairs, and they croſſed the river Shannon in a boat. Witneſs, having carried the box to the water ſide, went back for the maid, who followed her miſtreſs. There was a carriage at the other ſide juſt ready; a pair of hackney horſes—ſaw Marquis Headfort hand in Mrs. Maſſy—he put in the maid and two bundles, and went in himſelf, and deſired the driver to go off to Limerick. Heard Mrs. Maſſy deſire the maid to make haſte.

Jane Apjohn lived as houſe maid at the inn, at Pallas, about January laſt: remembers the Marquis of Headfort and Mrs. Maſſy coming there, and ſleeping together in the ſame bed.

Here the counſel for the plaintiff cloſed his caſe.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Account

Account of that extraordinary Character, Joſeph Capper, Eſq.

THIS gentleman was, perhaps, the moſt eccentric character living ſince the celebrated Elwes. He was born in Cheſhire, of humble parents; his family being numerous, he came to London at an early age (as he uſed to ſay) to ſhift for himſelf, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Capper ſoon manifeſted great quickneſs and induſtry, and proved a moſt valuable ſervant to his maſter. It was one of the chief boaſts of his life, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it.

Being of an enterpriſing ſpirit, Mr. Capper commenced buſineſs as ſoon as he was out of his apprenticeſhip, in the neighbourhood of Roſemary-lane. His old maſter was his only friend, and recommended him ſo ſtrongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given to him. In proportion as he became ſucceſsful, he embarked in various ſpeculations, but in none was ſo fortunate as in the funds. He at length amaſſed a ſum ſufficient to enable him to decline all buſineſs.

Mr. Capper, having now loſt his old maſter, was reſolved to lead a ſedentary life. This beſt ſuited his diſpoſition; for, although he poſſeſſed many amiable qualities, yet he was the moſt tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never ſeemed ſo happy as when placed by the ſide of a churliſh companion. For ſeveral days he walked about the vicinity of London, ſearching for lodgings, without being able to pleaſe himſelf. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns, at Kennington, took a chop, and ſpent the day, and aſked for a bed in his uſual blunt manner, when he was anſwered in the ſame churliſh ſtyle by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. Capper was reſolved to ſtop, if he could, all his life, to plague the growling fellow, and refuſed to retire. After ſome altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never ſlept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wiſhed to be conſidered a cuſtomer only for the day. For many years he talked about quitting this reſidence the next day.

His manner of living was ſo methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favourite cup. He was equally particular with reſpect to his knives and forks, plates, &c. In winter and ſummer he roſe at the ſame hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was ſo accuſtomed to the houſe, that he walked about the apartments without the aſſiſtance of any light. At breakfaſt he arranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but firſt of all he would read the newſpapers. At dinner he alſo obſerved a general rule, and invariably

bly drank his pint of wine. His ſupper was uniformly a gill of rum, with ſugar, lemon-peel, and porter, mixed together; the latter he ſaved from the pint he had at dinner. From this œconomical plan he never deviated. His bill for a fortnight, amounted regularly to 4l. 18s. He called himſelf the champion of government, and his greateſt glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all ſubſcriptions, which tended to the aid of government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raiſed his anger ſo ſoon as declaiming againſt the Britiſh conſtitution. In the parlour, he kept his favourite chair, and there he would often amuſe himſelf with ſatiriſing the cuſtomers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim, never to join in general converſation, but to interrupt it, whenever he could ſay any thing ill-natured.

Mr. Capper's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would ſee any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumſtances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they induſtrious?" he would inquire; when being anſwered in the affirmative, he would add, "tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a ſixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the ſum they want; and if ever I hear they make known the circumſtance, I will cut them off with a ſhilling.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of 77, in excellent health, and it was not until Tueſday, September 4, that a viſible alteration was perceived in him. Having riſen at an earlier period than uſual, he was obſerved to walk about the houſe, exceedingly agitated and convulſed. Mr. Townſend preſſed him to ſuffer medical aſſiſtance to be ſent for, which Mr. Capper then, and at all times, had a great averſion to. He aſked for a pen and ink, evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townſend, apprehending his diſſolution nigh, endeavoured, but in vain, to get permiſſion to ſend for Mr. Capper's relations, and tried to obtain their addreſs for that purpoſe. He refuſed, ſaying that he ſhould be better. On the ſecond day, ſeeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townſend called in four reſpectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and had ſeals put upon all Mr. Capper's property. One of the four gentlemen recollected the addreſs of Mr. Capper's two nephews, of the name of Dutton, who were immediately ſent for. They reſided in the neighbourhood of Roſemary-lane. He died on the 6th of September, 1804.

As ſoon as the old gentleman's diſſolution had taken place, his deſks, trunks, and boxes, were opened by the Meſſrs. Duttons and their lawyer; when they found 100l. in bank notes, a few guineas, a great many government ſecurities, and a will; which the parties preſent proceeded to read. It was curiouſly worded, and made on the back of a ſheet of banker's checks. It was

dated five years back, and the bulk of his property, which was then upwards of 30,000l. he left equally amongſt his poor relations. The two nephews were nominated executors, and were bequeathed between them 8000l. in the 3 per cents. What has become of all the property which has been accumulating ſince the will was made, does not appear. From Mr. Capper's declaration in his life-time, there was reaſon to ſuppoſe he had made another will, as the one found did not appear to be witneſſed.

Soon after Mr. Townſend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready money purchaſes, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan:—"I wiſh (ſaid he) to ſerve you, Townſend; you ſeem an induſtrious fellow; but how is it to be done, Mr. Townſend? I have ſworn never to lend, I muſt therefore give it thee;" which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townſend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceaſed to adminiſter to him every comfort the houſe would afford; and what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Mr. Capper was elected a ſteward of the parlour fire; and if any perſons were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permiſſion, they ſtood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In ſummer time, a favourite diverſion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane; but, as he was ſenſible of the ill opinion this would produce among the by-ſtanders, he would with great ingenuity introduce a ſtory about the raſcality of all Frenchmen, "whom," ſays he, "I hate and deteſt, and would knock down juſt the ſame as theſe flies." This was the ſignal for attack, and preſently the killed and wounded were ſcattered about in all quarters of the room.

Account of a curious Burying Urn found at Colney, in Norfolk

By the Rev. WILLIAM GIBSON.

THIS burial urn was diſcovered by ſome labourers employed in raiſing gravel at Colney, in Norfolk. It was depoſited about three or four feet below the preſent ſurface; it contained no coins, nor any other ſubſtance, excepting burnt bones, aſhes, and charcoal; and the earth in which it ſtood was of a brown colour, reſembling rotten wood, mixed with aſhes of charcoal, and pieces of burnt bone. It appears from farther enquiry, that iron ſpear-heads, inſtruments reſembling knives, a horſe-ſhoe of an unuſual ſhape, and fragments of ſmaller urns have, at different times, been dug up in or near this pit. The

parish of Colney is only five miles distant from Colney, the unquestionable Venta Icenorum of the Romans, from whence a line, drawn in a northwest direction to Brannodunum (Brancaster), an acknowledged Roman station also, where under the "comes littoris Saxonici, vel tractus maritimi," the Dalmatian horse kept garrison, will pass through Colney, Elmham, and South Creake. From this and other circumstances, Mr. Gibson conjectures that these works may be a few links of a chain of posts, such as would probably be established between a station so important as that at Castor and Brannodunum, which was obnoxious to invasion from the Saxons; while, perhaps, a similar chain, through Castleacre, where Roman remains are also found, might connect the Venta Icenorum with Castlerising, an ancient and elevated fortress, overlooking one of the best harbours in those parts, much exposed to piracies, in which the Saxons shewed themselves great masters; where also apparent vestiges of Roman fortifications, perhaps more ancient; and where, according, to Spelman, a coin of Constantine the Great was dug up, and brought to him.

Anecdotes of that singular Genius, Mr. T. B. Oldfield.

THIS remarkable youth died in his sixteenth year. His death happened on the 19th of July, 1804, at the Grotto House, Margate. At the age of five years and a half he had a scarlet fever, which brought on him a paralysis of the lower extremities, and debilitated his body for the rest of his life; but his mind presented the finest display of human perfection. Whatever he read he instantly had by heart; his favourite pursuits were the mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, geography, history, and painting, in all of which he had made a great proficiency. His favourite authors were Locke and Newton; and his retentive faculties were so strong, that he never forgot a single incident with which he had been once acquainted. He could relate every circumstance of Grecian, Roman, and English history; was master of astronomy, and had pursued it up to all its recent discoveries; had the finest taste for drawing and painting, and would frequently take admirable likenesses of persons who struck him from memory. He wrote a hand like copper plate; and at a very early period of his life had made himself master of arithmetic. He was never known to be out of temper; and though he suffered an illness of ten years, which terminated in a dropsy, and bursting of a blood vessel upon the lungs, he was never once known to repine or be impatient.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE character of Engliſh ſeamen is not leſs diſtinguiſhed for acts of generoſity than of valour. The following is an inſtance that ought to be recorded:—

Captain Maitland, of the Loire, who lately captûred the Blonde privateer, entered into an agreement with the late Captain Dixon, who unfortunately periſhed in the Apollo, to be equal ſharers in the prize-money made by them during the war. The death of Captain Dixon of courſe diſſolved the contract; but Captain Maitland, with a generoſity becoming his character, has inſiſted that the agreement ſhall continue in force, and that the widow and children of Captain Dixon ſhall be entitled to half the amount of whatever prize-money he may obtain.

Such handſome conduct reflects high honour on this officer, and we hope his generoſity will meet an ample reward.

FEMALE FASHIONS.

THE graſſina head-dreſs ſtill remains unrivalled, as we find it has been adopted at every race-ball. A cluſter of ſmall topaze-coloured flowers, mixed with green, is much worn in the front of the head; alſo coquelicot and yellow, ſhaded with a mixture of green. The hair is elegantly dreſſed, and has a large lace veil thrown over the head and ſhoulders.

Turbans, of every deſcription, continue the faſhion. They are made chiefly of goſſamer. Lace caps, very elegantly fancied, and intermixed with ribbon, covered with a lace handkerchief or veil, are very pretty for half-dreſs, and may be worn quite in diſhabille. Muſlin and ſilk hats are univerſal, the ſtyle and ſhape various. Chips and ſtraws are ſtill worn, but the former have the pre-eminence. There is nothing new in cloaks, ſpencers, or peliſſes, the drapery of the hat forming a ſufficient covering as a ſubſtitute.

The dreſſes are ſtill made very long, the waiſts ſhort, and cut extremely low, behind as well as before. The materials for full dreſs cannot be too thin; but thick corded cambricks are moſt elegant for undreſs, which are made quite up to the throat, and tied round like a habit ſhirt. Gipſey hats, nankeen ſhoes, and gloves of the ſame colour, are the moſt faſhionable with theſe dreſſes. *L'habit a l'Amazon* is chiefly of pearl colour, French grey, and the faſhionable brown, with plain beaver hats; ribbons, ſca fs, &c. &c. are all of the paleſt colours.

The moſt faſhionable colours are purple, lilac, pink, or blue. The piquet or leno muſlins, worn over coloured ſilk, and trimmed with lace, are much approved of for dreſſes in the genteeler circles.

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to R. Mudge's Anagram, inſerted Auguſt 6.

A NOTE tranſpos'd, then ETON will appear,
Which, Sir, I think the whole will make quite clear.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; and T. Whicker, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to T. Jarvis's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 6.

THO' furious imps of cruel war and pride,
With threatening menaces our ſhores infeſt;
Their deſtin'd fate may JUSTICE ſoon decide,
And Britain long enjoy a peaceful reſt!

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; J. T. Symons, W. Strong, W. Commins, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; and A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

A REBUS, *by T. Boult, of Exeter.*

FIRST find a paſſion of the mind;
And then a beaſt to form the line;
A foreign nation make appear;
And then expreſs the god of fear;
The next, a plant you muſt produce;
A well-known fruit that's much in uſe;
A bird then next you muſt expound;
And laſt a river muſt be found:

Join the initials, Sirs, and they will tell,
The valiant hero who ſo nobly fell.

A CHARADE, *by G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.*

OFFENSIVE firſt! I ſpurn thee from my door,
Henceforward you muſt enter there no more;
Magnific next! with thee I've nought to do,
'Tis kings and queens that thou art ſubject to:
Ingenious youths, aright theſe two combine,
An office you will eaſily define.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

FROM the Almighty Power divine
My heaven-born firſt immediate ſprings;
O may its influence benign
Befriend alike ſubjects and kings!

When earthly cares invade the heart,
And poignant griefs begin to riſe,
Then may my next its aid impart,
Which leads us to the empyreal ſkies!

When celebrated Cook did roam,
Bent to explore each diſtant pole,
From boiſt'rous ſtorms he found a home,
At the promontory of my whole.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

To a Moth hovering round my Candle.

LITTLE, giddy, fluttering fly,
Stay, ſtay, thy eager flight!
Haſte thee away! and come not nigh
My taper's blazing light.

For know the beam that cheers the eve,
And diſſipates the gloom,
Will only, inſect! thee deceive,
And lure thee to thy doom.

Then come not near the baneful ray,
But back to ſhades repair,
'Till Phœbus ſhall illume the day,
Repoſe in ſafety there.

Then may you wander thro' the bowers,
Or flit o'er meadows gay:
There rove among the wild-blown flowers,
Or with the zephyrs play.

But ah! advice is vain, poor thing!
And I have ſpent my breath,
The flame has caught thy ſilken wing,
And you muſt yield to death.

J. PASCAL.

Eſſex-ſtreet, Strand, Auguſt, 1804.

Lines preſented to a young Friend, who had reproached the Author with not feeling the ſame Degree of Affection as formerly, becauſe ſhe had omitted embracing her at Meeting.

AS well, my love, might you ſuppoſe,
The ſun's enliv'ning pow'r
Could blaſt the tender bud that blows,
And blight the op'ning flow'r;

As e'er ſuppoſe thy pleaſing ſight
Did not expand my breaſt,
Make ev'ry care ſit loſt and light,
And lull each grief to reſt.

As well might you ſuppoſe the dew
Poſſeſs'd no nurt'ring charm,
As e'er believe the ſight of you
Each feeling did not warm!

As well, Louiſa, might you ſay,
The ſilver queen of night
Could not illumine by its rays,
Becauſe 'twas borrow'd light.

From you I borrow ev'ry bliſs,
That this world can beſtow,
And tho' I did forget the kiſs,
This heart, I'm ſure, you know!

Still I'm your debtor, I allow,
And readily will pay,
So take the kiſs, dear girl, juſt now,
Or when you go away.

Extempore Lines written to a Friend, upon hearing that a Title was affixed to her Name.

THE humbl'ſt wooer of the nine,
Offers congratulation;
And *boos* before my lady's ſhrine,
Knowing her diſtant ſtation!

Yet ſtill ſhe feels herſelf acquire
A kind of luſtrous ray;
And really is ſome inches higher
Than ſhe was yeſterday!

Does not the ſilver queen of night
A borrow'd radiance ſhow?
And may I not hope my lady's light
Will give her friend a glow?

Friend! did I ſay? Forgive the word;
Can *ladies* friendſhip feel?
Ah no! for I have often heard
Their hearts are made of ſteel.

But well I know that Charlotte's heart
To friendſhip is inclin'd;
And well I know, a title's art
Can't change thy lib'ral mind!

The name of friend I'll therefore claim,
And moſt ſincerely ſay,
I hope the preſent lambent flame
Preludes a brighter ray.

ADDRESS *to a* NAIAD.

COY nymph of this ſalubrious fount,
Who many an age unpriz'd
Didſt waſte thine urn adown the mount,
Unnotic'd and deſpis'd.

Till

Till youthful, but diſcerning eyes,
Remark'd thy modeſt worth,
Bade the neat edifice ariſe,
And led thee faltring forth.

How like a timid village maid,
New-rais'd from mean abode,
Thy ſilent waters meek obey'd,
And wonder'd as they flow'd!

Late the rank nettle veil'd thy home,
The ruſhy bank beneath;
Now roſes deck thy Gothic dome,
And aromatic breathe.

While lawny ſlopes, and woodlands green,
And mountains ſoftly blue,
Entwine thee with as fair a ſcene
As ever pencil drew.

Here at thy ſhrine ſhall languor ſink,
And oft for ſuccour turn,
And life, and health, and vigour drink,
From thy reſtoring urn.

The lowly ſhall the boon receive,
The poor relief command;
For you the gen'rous ſanative
Prepar'd by nature's hand.

And thoſe more bleſt in wealth and ſtate,
Blind fortune's ſpecial care,
Whom common pains aſſimilate,
And bent with want and care;

While Heaven-directed nature pours
A balm for every woe,
Of her may learn to deal their ſtores,
And bid their fountains flow.

The LILY *and the* ROSE.

ON Delia's cheek, on Delia's breaſt,
The lily and the bluſhing roſe
In beautiful perfection reſt,
And ev'ry rival charm diſcloſe.

The conſcious roſe in beauty ſeeks
Its lovely rival to eclipſe;
And plays upon her downy cheeks,
And ſettles on her roſeate lips.

But more profuſe, the lily fair
Its bloſſoms o'er her boſom ſpread;
And ſhines beneath her flowing hair,
And mingles with the bluſhing red.

But ſickneſs, eager for its prey,
Beholding their united grace,
Snatches the roſe's bloom away,
And leaves the lily in its place.

But leſs the lily charms the eye,
As more enlarg'd its empire grows;
And all its languid beauties fly,
Forſaken by the abſent roſe.

Soon then may ſickneſs ſpeed its flight,
And health the lily's charms improve;
Reſtoring to the raviſh'd ſight,
The bloom of innocence and love.

On the EOLIAN HARP.

WHILE beneath the moon's dim ray,
Waves in peace the ſilent grove;
What ſounds along the valley play!
Theſe fairy ſtrings what fingers move!

Wak'd by breath of vernal breezes,
Swell on high the magic notes;
Ever varying, ſtill it pleaſes,
While on air the muſic floats.

Where the moon beam trembling lights,
Shining on the ſylphic ring,
Move quick or ſlow, the airy ſprites,
With the wildly ſounding ſtring.

When touch'd by ruder gales, the lyre
Majeſtic ſounds in tones ſublime;
While fancy, warm'd with kindred fire,
Looks back on deeds of ancient time.

Glowing with the martial ſound,
I long for glory to engage;
To deal the deadly blow around,
With heroes of a former age.

But, lo! the ſtrains ſo ſolemn, ſlow,
Seem like the dirges of the ſlain!
Sudden change my warmth to woe,
And bring reflection's ſober train.

And now, by ſofter breath inſpir'd,
The broken murmurs falter love,
And call to ſcenes of peace retir'd,
Heſperia's bower, Arcadia's grove.

Such was the wildly varying ſong,
That fill'd the echoing hall of old,
When Oſſian charm'd the liſt'ning throng
Of blue-ey'd maids and chieftains bold.

Such ſounds ſweet melancholy loves,
As near the lonely tower ſhe treads;
While wrapt in thought ſhe ſlowly moves,
And hears them riſe amid the glades.

O'er my melting boſom pour'd,
Emotions ſad, yet ſoothing riſe,
As deep and low the note is heard,
Or quivering in the gale it dies.

Thus all human grandeur flies,
Proud with the ſong of public praiſe;
With paſſing breath the ſtrains ariſe,
But with the breath the ſong decays.